

"THE GOLDEN MILE-STONE."

By the fireside there are peace and comfort,
Wives and children, with fair, thoughtful faces,
Waiting, watching
For a well-known footstep in the passage.

Each man's chimney is his Golden Mile-Stone;
Is the central point from which he measures
Every distance
Through the gateways of the world around him.

In his farthest wanderings still he sees it;
Hears the talking flame, the answering night wind,
As he heard them
When he sat with those who were, but are not.

Happy he whom neither wealth nor fashion,
Nor the march of the encroaching city
Drives in exile
From the hearth of his ancestral homestead.

We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,
But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations.

—Longfellow.

In the Pew by the Door

"I've only a minute to stay," Mrs. Morris announced, settling herself in a comfortable chair in the farmhouse kitchen. "I stepped for your mail, but they said it was too late."

Mrs. Headley nodded toward a letter beside her. She never talked much when Mrs. Morris dropped in. She never needed to.

"About David?" questioned her guest.

"From David," was the answer.

"Well," responded Mrs. Morris, "Dr. Wilson was saying last night that it seems just wonderful, his being called to that big church. I hear he went there to preach for 'em when their minister was gone to leave, and some of the big bugs made up their minds they'd have him and nobody else. Lands! When I think of the way you took that helpless little baby and brought him up, an' you a widow an' no kin at all, an' how you've sold 'most half of this little farm to educate him! My! I hope you'll get a little gratitude for it, an' some reward!"

"David is my reward," quietly answered her hostess.

"Oh, yes, of course." Then after a pause, "I suppose the salary's awful big."

"It seems so to me," was the reply. "Well, with a little look of disappointment, 'I must get along. I suppose you'll go up with Dr. Wilson to hear him preach his first sermon as pastor!'"

Then the old face opposite flushed a little.

"Oh, no! It's so far and there will be so many people there, I suppose; oh, no, I couldn't go."

Mrs. Morris considered a moment. "Well, I don't know, I should think you'd want to see how he looks among

all the high fyers. Of course, it costs a lot to go so far and with a quick glance at the little figure before her, you mightn't feel real easy among 'em. Well, good-by. Anyway, 'tain't as if he was your own."

Then she was gone, and the sensitive soul was left with the sting, and the wound, and the pain.

He wasn't her own! He wasn't her own! Oh, the sharp, keen pain it brought her, she mightn't feel easy among 'em. She knew that, but why did well-meaning Mrs. Morris say it? She did not belong to the great world out there—David did! She, if she went to be present at that wonderful service, would hardly know how to act, unless she might slip in a rear seat where no one would notice her at all.

She picked up David's letter again; she had read every word of it four times that day. It said: "You must come. Dr. Wilson will take care of you in the train, and then I will take care of you." Much more there was in the long letter. "It doesn't sound as if he—" and the thought sprang out at last—"feels ashamed of the country mother. David would do his duty, anyway, and maybe I want too much." The tears rained over her face, but presently she lifted her head and asked herself what they had been for. Hadn't David always loved her? Hadn't he always been kind and good and attentive to her?

But down in her heart she knew that only David himself in some way could remove that haunting fear. "He's not in loving excuse, 'I'm a selfish, exacting old woman, that's what I am, shedding tears when I'd much better be preaching!'" So she rose above the worry, settled the voice in her heart that whispered, "He isn't your own, he isn't like you," wrapped about her the mantle of unselfishness that she had always worn, and wrote David that she guessed she'd better not come.

But because of the great love in her heart, and because Dr. Wilson insisted, it came about that the mistress of the little farmhouse took the long journey, and found herself one of many who were entering a church that seemed

her stately and beautiful beyond the telling.

"You must just let me slip in by the door," she whispered tremulously to the reverend gentleman beside her; and knowing how very tired she was, and seeing the frightened look on the gentle old face, he answered soothingly, "Just as you say—just as you say."

He seated her carefully "back by the door," and then went to join the ministers already seated on the platform.

The tired little woman in the back of the church sat trembling with nervous excitement and fatigue. At first only a dreamy, dazed feeling possessed her. Then she was conscious that the great church was filled with people, people who seemed to belong to another world than her own.

"That's Mr. Ferris," she heard someone say in a low tone behind her, as a tall, distinguished-looking man passed the pew where she sat. "He's one of the most prominent men in the church and worth millions!"

Wonderful music was flooding the building, such music as she had dreamed she might hear in heaven. Then with timid, eager glance she was searching the pained-looking platform for "her boy." Her eyes were dim, but she found him. He was grasping Dr. Wilson's outstretched hand and speaking softly to him. In that moment how her heart swelled with thanksgiving and cried out to God in praise.

How big—how distinguished—how handsome—how, oh, how good to look at he was even among all those splendid men up there! Then that little tormenting spirit that had no right in the farmhouse or in the city church whispered, "But he isn't yours, he isn't your own, these are his people, you are not like them—why did you come?"

Then as the tired head bowed to hide the great tears that shut out the face on the platform, David Holland's eyes, directed by Dr. Wilson, found her. Just a low-spoken sentence to one of his brethren on the platform, a quick, courteous reply, and he quietly stepped down, walked around by a side aisle, across the back of the church, and then passed beside the pew "back by the door."

Those sitting very near saw a hand rest on the shoulder of the little woman, who looked up startled as his voice said softly, "Mother!" Like a flash the heartache and the fear left her. The music trembled, and then burst forth in joyous might and power, and like one in a happy dream she was moving up the aisle leaning a little heavily upon the arm of her stalwart "boy."

Very near the platform he paused; a man rose quickly, stepped out into the aisle and motioned to a seat beside him. "Have you room for my mother, Mr. Ferris?" the young minister asked very softly, very distinctly. "It will give us great pleasure," the other responded quickly. Then she sat down and David was back in his place.

But oh, the Heaven-sent bliss of it all! She never knew that hundreds of eyes had filled with tears as they saw the minister they had chosen, leading so tenderly the white-haired old lady to "her place" among them. She did not know that the grave, dignified men on the platform looked on with a new feeling of love for, and pride in, their brilliant young brother. She did not know that, as he walked up that broad aisle, there was in David Holland's heart a strong desire to cry out to all these, "his people!" "Look at her—look at her—at the bravest, purest, most unselfish soul that ever lived look at her and be like her!"

She only knew as she sat there, her sweet old face aglow with a wonderful light, that she was happy, happy, happy!

A divine melody sang itself in her heart. The great congregation rose to its feet. They sang the joy song, too—"Joy to the world, the Lord is come." Oh, yes, that was the word, Joy—Joy! Oh, yes, that was the word, Joy—Joy! She wasn't ashamed of me, He's mine, my own. "Have you room for my mother?" That was what he had said—for "my mother!" Down in the depths of her heart, she knew he was glad to call her that.—Epworth Herald.

His View of It.

A little boy had been sent to the dairy to get some eggs, and on his way back he dropped the basket containing them.

"How many did you break?" asked his mother.

"Oh, I didn't break any," he said, "but the shells came off some of them."

The Fireside Diplomat.

"I don't want to be nagging at you," Mrs. Marryat began, "but it's the little things that bother me most—"

"Ah!" interrupted her husband, sweetly, "I suppose you're going to tell me you haven't a decent pair of shoes."—Philadelphia Press.

TRAVELING WITHOUT TIPS.

German Hotel Keeper Puts His Theory Into Practice.

Herr Grauer, a wealthy German hotel proprietor, has carried out an experiment with amusing results on the tipping custom, says the London Mail. He had a theory that all hotel employees should be paid a living wage, and that tipping should be abolished in hotels.

So he started, accompanied by his wife and daughter (the Lausanne correspondent writes) on a three weeks' tour of the chief German and Swiss hotels, determined not to spend a sou on tips, in order to test his opinion.

One week's experience of the consequences was enough for his wife and daughter, who returned home disappointed and indignant with Herr Grauer for the discomfort and insults to which he had led them.

Mysterious hieroglyphics and secret signs—known only to hotel employees—announced the arrival of the Grauers—"the non-tippers"—at the various resorts they visited. The result was always the same—nobody seemed to want them.

At the stations they were told that the particular hotel where they wished to stay was full; the hotel omnibus was merely "waiting for a few old clients to depart." When they insisted on entering the omnibus there was nobody to carry their luggage, and railway porters had to be employed and paid. Arriving at the hotel, their heavy baggage was unceremoniously thrown on the ground and the boxes were damaged.

The maid took half an hour to answer the bell, and the "hot water," when it did arrive, was cold. At table d'hôte the Grauers were always served with the last portion. The concierge "did not know" of any interesting trips in the neighborhood, and was generally "busy" when they descended to the hall. Complaints to the manager were futile.

Herr Grauer, who persevered with his three weeks' tour to its unpleasant end, sums up his experiences as including the following:

Lost three trains; luggage unable to be found.

Had four pairs of boots, two being new, ruined; "cause unknown."

Two suits of clothes, one dress, three blouses mysteriously contracted ink stains.

Herr Grauer now believes that tipping is a necessary evil, with a little long life.

Finds Lake of Quicksilver.

A lake of quicksilver, covering an area of more than three acres and having a depth ranging from ten to fifty feet, has been discovered in the mountains of the State of Vera Cruz, Mexico, says the New York World. The value of the product is estimated at many millions of dollars.

The news of this discovery was brought to the City of Mexico by C. A. Bungal, a reputable mining man, who declared he was suffering from mercurial poisoning from having passed much time investigating the extent of the lake and coming in contact with the quicksilver. He went to Santa Rosalia springs in the state of Chihuahua, where he took a course of treatment for his ailment. He returned to Mexico City several days ago fully restored in health.

Mr. Bungal interested F. Lagerwall, a wealthy iron manufacturer of Sweden, who is now in Mexico on business, and J. B. Feelin, of New York, who accompanied Bungal to the state of Vera Cruz and proved the truth of his discovery.

This lake of quicksilver has been known to the Indians of that locality for many generations. It is situated far up in the mountains in an almost inaccessible position. Its surface is partly covered by stones. It is believed that volcanic action in the mountains above smelted the quicksilver out of the cinnabar ore and that it ran down and filled this depression.

Lagerwall and Feelin have agreed to provide the capital for the operation of the rich find. A tunnel will be driven through the base of the mountain and the quicksilver will be brought down by means of gravity.

Campfire to Break Up a Cold.

One of the most efficient remedies for breaking up a cold during its earliest stage is campfire. When the eyes begin to water and there is accompanying tingling of the nose and feeling of chilliness, place three drops of campfire on a lump of loaf sugar and place the sugar in the mouth.

Repeat this every fifteen minutes till four or five doses have been taken. At the same time place the feet where they will become thoroughly warm. This will usually prove effectual in breaking up a cold if the cold is taken at its very beginning. For a child but one drop should be placed upon the sugar, and five or six doses administered.—Health.

The Boston Maid.

She was a Boston maiden of uncertain age, and she was telling some girl friends of an encounter with a harmless gartersnake, but in the narrative she had used only the word snake.

"But what kind of snake was it?" asked one of the inquisitive girls.

"I believe—it was—a—what you might call a—ur—some supporter snake!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Generous Father.

Assum—given any thought to your boy's Christmas gift yet?

Kloesman—Why, yes, I've thought up a splendid idea, but it would be just my luck to have no snow Christmas time.

Assum—Oh, a sled, eh?

Kloesman—No, I thought I might build him a snow man.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Shifting His Course.

"We will carefully avoid passing over Pittsburgh," said the sky pilot as he consulted the current meter.

"Then you entertain some prejudice against that city?" inquired the passenger.

"Oh, no," replied the pilot, "but I do so greatly hate to get the car smudged up."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

MURDEROUS AMERICAN RAILROADS.

DOUBTLESS American railroads will take exception to the figures compiled by a German railroad official, which show that American roads are more deadly than others in the world. Statistics do lie, in spite of the proverb, but there is no gainsaying the fact that in the single fiscal year of 1902 376,500 persons were injured in the United States, of whom 60,000 were employees, and 9,800 were killed, of whom 3,500 were employees.

These figures, compared with others for foreign countries, show that in the United States four times as many were injured as in Russia, twenty-two times as many as in Italy, twenty times as many as in England, eight times as many as in Belgium, four times as many as in Switzerland, and twice as many as in Germany. But France injures fewer passengers than any country in the world.

However American railroads may explain these facts, it is certain that railroading in the United States is unnecessarily perilous to passengers as well as to employees. We shall not attempt to say what measures should be taken to increase the security of railroad employees, but as to the security of passengers it is a different matter. The block signal system has been proved to be almost an absolute guaranty of safety, but it is in use on only a very small part of the railroads of the country, and even so it has been shown of late that it has been disregarded by railroad officials with great subsequent loss of life. But if it were universally installed and made to be observed, railroad accidents would soon become very few and many thousands of lives would be saved.—Des Moines News.

PROPERTY AND THE SURPLUS.

THE national government closed the fiscal year on June 30, with a surplus of receipts over expenditures amounting to nearly ninety million dollars—a larger surplus than has been obtained for several years.

The receipts from customs and from internal revenue taxes have been unusually large, indicating that an unusual amount of imported goods has been consumed during the year, and that the demand for those articles on which an internal revenue tax is levied has been great. These are signs of prosperity, of the existence of ready money, which the people are spending freely.

On the other hand, the problem of a large surplus is perplexing. When there is a deficit, the necessity of economy is impressed on every Congressman; but if there are many millions of unappropriated money in the treasury, every Representative wishes to have some of it set aside for improvements in his district, the officers of the navy urge larger appropriations for warships, and the army officers propose an extension of the coast defenses.

It is likely that bills will be introduced in Congress next winter appropriating ten times the amount of the surplus. They will come from Democrats as well as from Republicans. The Democrats are likely to introduce, also, bills intended to reduce taxation in such a way as to bring the revenues and expenditures more nearly to an equality. However desirable the passage of such bills may be, it is not easy under the present financial system to draft a satisfactory plan. Instead of making appropriations and then levying a tax to meet

the amount to be spent, the rate of taxation is fixed, and the revenue produced under it depends on conditions outside of the control of Congress. Appropriations are made against a sum which has to be estimated. The estimates may be so far wrong that there will be a large deficit or a large surplus. Unforeseen conditions have produced the large surplus this year.—Youth's Companion.

THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC TRIUMPH.

IN the press and hurry of daily living few of us realize what triumphs man is constantly making over nature. What mention, for example, have you seen of the news that the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company will soon begin doing business regularly between America and Europe, across the Atlantic ocean? Yet here is an achievement that deserves to be celebrated by the whole world, and it is no more noticed than the passing of a trolley car.

Ten years ago a man who would have said that the day would come when a man could sit in this country and communicate instantly with a man in England, with no wire, even, connecting the two, would have been sent to the insane asylum. That thing, however, is being done to-day. One Marconi pole is at Clifton, on the coast of Ireland, and another is at Cape Breton, in Canada, and messages leap from one to the other as surely and as swiftly as though they were not six feet apart.

This flashing of messages three or four thousand miles around the earth will soon be as commonplace as using the telephone is now, and men will make use of the service and think nothing of it. Yet such communication was beyond the wildest dreams of mankind only a few years ago. The world is moving fast in these latter days, and will move faster yet. Though the earth has been inhabited for millions of years, it is only within the last century that nature's secrets have commenced to be discovered.

We are at the beginning of discovery and knowledge. What the next century will bring forth we cannot guess, but we may be sure that it will be full of wonders unspeakable.—Kansas City World.

THE COST OF RURAL FREE DELIVERY.

POSTMASTER GENERAL MEYER'S program of postoffice improvement involves two or three items which may seem on their face to involve the risk of a great outlay on the part of the government. He personally believes they would be good business policy, and to indicate why bold plans may be successful he referred to some of the latest figures of the rural free delivery system.

In 1896, the first year of rural free delivery, that service cost \$15,000,000, and the general postoffice deficit was \$8,000,000. Last year the rural delivery service cost \$25,000,000 and the deficit was only \$10,000,000. This year rural free delivery will cost \$35,000,000. The report for the first quarter of the year shows no deficit whatever, and while deficits are expected for the remainder of the year their total will be greatly cut down. As the Postmaster General puts it, the rural delivery service "is costly, but it is proving to be a great feeder to the general postal system." The one aim of the Postoffice Department is to give good service, and there is no reason why the government should not take reasonable business risks in providing it.—Chicago Record-Herald.



"Who is your unfailing friend with the fat memorandum book?" inquired the cashier.

"Who told you he was my friend?" asked the bill clerk.

"I inferred it from your joyous expression when you saw him sitting in wait for you on the bench."

"If your references hadn't been any better than your inferences are you'd never have got the job you're holding," said the bill clerk.

"Is he a protégé of yours?" asked the cashier.

"A how much?"

"I beg your pardon," said the cashier. "I should have said protégé. Don't get it, eh? Is he some worthy young man in whose career you are interested and to whom you extend assistance of a pecuniary nature? I don't wish to pry, but I saw you hand him what appeared to be a two spot. Charity is a beautiful thing—the rarest gem in virtue's basket—very rare in a young man. I notice he calls around about every month."

"You're a great noticer," said the bill clerk. "I've noticed that. Did you ever happen to notice how much foolishness you talk?"

"He looks like a collector," observed the cashier.

"Well, I guess you ought to know pretty well what they look like," said the bill clerk.

"Don't be snappy, my son," said the cashier. "There isn't any disgrace in having a collector call around. He might simply be coming to collect an installment on a diamond engagement ring. When a young man gets engaged he naturally presents his fiancée with a ring. If he is a whole-souled and generous young man and thinks a great deal of the young woman he wants to get her a good one and if his accumulated capital is insufficient for the exigencies of the situation, why should he not, if you please, try the installment plan?"

"Why not?" said the bill clerk non-committally.

"Of course," said the cashier. "It's the finest thing in the land. When you get your ring paid for you can buy a house on the installment plan and furnish it on the installment plan. You can have an installment piano and an installment phonograph and an installment library in installments. You can dress the family on the installment plan. You don't have to wait until it's paid for to enjoy what you get. That necessity for annoying delay is the curse of the cash system."

"You'd only be spending the money that you pay out for some foolishness or other, wouldn't you?" said the bill clerk. "And then you wouldn't have anything to show for it."

"That's right," said the cashier, "and

you'll never miss the dollar or so a week or a month or whatever it is. It's only a matter of a few cents a day for each article."

"That's all," said the bill clerk. "This book costs less than 6 cents a day and it's one of the most useful and instructive works ever published. You ought to get it. You need it. Honest, you'd find it would help you a heap. I'll put you next to the agent if you like."

"To tell you the truth, I rather favor the cash system, in spite of its disadvantages," said the cashier. "Of course, I haven't much to show for it, but my bank account and some trifling real estate and 5 per cent bonds, but I might find 'em handy some time. What's the name of this ultra-useful work which you seem to think I need, Johnny?"

"How to Mind Your Own Business," said the bill clerk. "I gave my copy to another friend of mine who's always sticking his nose into other people's and it worked great."—Chicago Daily News.

TRAVELERS IN ENGLAND.

Going Through the Customs House Is a Simple Matter There.

There is no country where the matter of landing from American passenger ships is so easily and so expeditiously done as England. Of course, it is a free trade country, the freest in the whole world.

There are duties levied on tobacco and spirits, but travelers are allowed a half pound of tobacco, in any shape, and a half pint of spirits, which also means the same as perfume. Sugar is dutiable, whether in grain, sweet or in jam, but a small quantity is freely passed.

In all cases, however, these goods must be the actual property of the passenger, and be for his use and control. Cocoa, coffee and tea are also dutiable, as are reprints of English books. Outside of these things, as named, passengers can bring in anything, motors, cycles, horses, but not dogs, for which animal a not to exceed six months' quarantine awaits. Keep dogs on the American side.

The customs officials are life appointees—under the civil service—and will be found most obliging and helpful. In fact, they are a model to the customs world. Tell the truth at all times to these officials and you will be all right. They are marvelously keen on spotting the supposedly smart liar.—Travel Magazine.

Tallest Mountain in the World.

Sunday Island, in the Pacific, is really the tallest mountain in the world. It rises 2,000 feet out of five miles of water, and is thus nearly 30,000 feet from base to summit.

SURPRISE WAS ON FATHER.

The Kafirs of Africa tell their children many nursery tales which they call "surprise stories." In one called "The man who hid his honey," which is quoted by Dudley Kidd in a volume on the ways of Kafir children, the surprise seems to have been on the father.

Long, long ago, runs the tale, a man had a wife and three children, and they ran out of food. When they got hungry the man went out to hunt, and found some honey. He filled a pot with it, got a reed and hollowed it out. Then when no one was looking he hid the pot in the ground under the ashes, and inserted the reed through into the honey.

When the sun was setting that afternoon he called the children about him to sing, and while they sang he sucked honey through the reed. Again and again he did this, and the children said, "Father sucks ashes through a reed every day."

But one day, when the father had gone hunting again, the youngest child said, "Let me suck ashes and be a man like father," so he applied his lips to the reed.

To his delight, honey came up, and he sucked till his cheeks were full, and then the other children tried it. They dug up the pot and emptied it, and when they had buried it again they put the end of the reed in the ashes. At evening their father came home.

When the children sang that evening he put his lips to the reed, but made a very face. Again he tried, and again he made a face as he tasted the ashes.

"What are you doing, papa?" asked the youngest. "Why do you make such a face?"

"Who has been making these ashes?" demanded the father.

"The children have been playing there," said his wife. The man raked away the ashes and dug up the honey pot. It was quite empty.

"Why, there is the honey pot!" exclaimed his wife. "Why did you hide it there?"

But Mr. Kafir had nothing to say, and the surprise story was ended.

The Untrammelled Juror.

Tremblingly the juror rose in his place.

"Your honor," he said, "if it would not thwart the ends of justice and throw the beautiful mechanism of this tribunal out of gear, I would like to telephone my wife for some clean handkerchiefs."

The court, frowning at the introduction of the purely trivial, took the matter under advisement.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Functionality.

"Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day," said the man who quotes proverbs when he ought to be at work.

"That's right," answered Mr. Dustin Stax, "you can never be sure that to-morrow isn't going to get to won't-to-morrow and spoil the whole scheme."—Washington Star.

About all some men can see in an undertaking is discouragement.

UNIQUE ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK.

Remarkable Mechanism Shows All the Movements of the Earth.

All the movements of the earth are represented by a remarkable astronomical clock which yesterday was placed on public view at the American Museum of Natural History, says the New York Herald. It was designed by Dr. Herman C. Bumpus, the director of the institution, and is the result of months of patient experiment.

It not only shows the daily rotation of the earth upon its axis, but the motion about the sun, and also demonstrates through all the year the changes which cause the march of the seasons.

The earth is a globe of paper composition four feet in diameter, while the sun is a stereopticon placed at a distance of ten feet. The light from the stereopticon shines upon the sphere in such a manner as to illuminate half of it at a time. The shadow of a wire which is back of the lens corresponds to the meridian of New York.

The earth is caused to revolve by means of a shaft which derives its power from a small Howard steely clock. This shaft passes through a wooden tunnel and communicates its power to bevel gears, which cause the sphere to be always changing its position.

By watching the meridian shadow the observer can always tell the time of day with mathematical accuracy.

No device of its kind has ever been exhibited in a museum for the instruction of the public, and this astronomical clock rivals in its accuracy and in the painstaking way in which it is constructed the most delicate instruments to be seen in well-equipped observatories.

The contrivance was constructed by W. H. Beers, an expert mechanician connected with the museum.

It was the original intention to have merely a globe showing the one motion of the earth, but as the scheme developed through experiments the present elaborate clock was gradually perfected.

On the ground floor of the museum is another device showing the revolution of the earth about the sun on a larger scale. The orbit swings through the entrance hall and over the information bureau and into the hall of forestry, while in the center of the foyer the sun shines for all.

MAY SAVE MANY LIVES.

Stickers on Bottle Warning It Contains Poison.

As long as people, through carelessness or otherwise, will continue to administer poison in mistake for medicine, in many cases causing death to the patient, radical measures must be adopted to prevent such accidents. A California man, in working on the problem, devised a scheme which should undoubtedly prove effective. Accordingly he patented the idea. The poison is sold only in bottles of peculiar form, the surface consisting of numerous projecting points. If a person in haste picks up the poison bottle in mistake for another potion he will be quickly apprised of the fact by the stickers on the bottle. These stickers will naturally inform him at once that he has the wrong bottle, causing him to drop it hastily and continue his search.

Uncle Sam's Sober Sailors.</